

FALSE WIVES

By EDMUND B. DAUVERGNE Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc.

The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSEY, a beautiful girl of 20, well educated and of some means, and an adventuress.
RICHARD ARROL, her mother, the widow of Admiral Plessey, who was mysteriously murdered when Maud was a child.

CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL, a man of 31, for 15 years he has been engaged in the small trading industry, though he is a man of birth and education.
GILBERT HURON, a friend of the Plesseys.

RICHARD ARROL, the father of Maud, was a member of Captain Arrol's staff.

The story opens on board the ship, a small steamer trading on the Atlantic coast and bound for London. Captain Arrol is bringing on board Maud, a young girl of 20, who has been brought from a dangerous mob of anarchists.

Maud, who is the only woman on board, has been brought from a dangerous mob of anarchists. Maud and the captain conduct a mutual flirtation.

The next morning the ship arrives at Tilbury. Mrs. Plessey has come on board. Maud is introduced to her mother, Captain Arrol is startled, and Maud is introduced to her mother.

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"You can guess the next question," put in her mother, "What were you in love with the girl, I suppose?"

"Exactly," I said, "that I took a fancy to her, and I ought to have said a brother-in-law interest, and—"

"The only girl I was ever likely to fall in love with never gave a thought to me, but she sort of footed, you know, but she did not seem at all interested, and began to talk about the girl again before I had quite finished. The advertisement will be sent in tomorrow."

Maud was affected by his brother's good spirits. "She has probably left the country by this time," he observed.

"If she has made up her mind to earn her own living she is more likely to stay in London. However, we shall know within a day or two. Cheer up, old man! You will probably have a telephone call from her before all, asking you to meet her at Battersea Park or the Tower of London, or some such outlandish place."

"I shall employ a detective, anyhow," said Martin.

"There would be no harm in that. I should not be surprised if her people set a detective on you. They probably share my belief that she will look you up and that the surest way of detecting her is to keep an eye on you. Well, good night."

Richard's expectations were realized. As Martin crossed Victoria street at the sea hour he noticed an ordinary looking man step out from a doorway and saunter after him. Later on he saw the same man seated at a table in a distant corner of a restaurant, evidently watching him.

He went to the street and was greeted various pranks that they could play upon the man. Martin shrugged his shoulders. "The poor beggar has his living to earn," he said.

"Why make it any harder for him? When he is in the street give him the slip I shall know how to do so."

Notwithstanding, Richard sent the office boy out to the man to present him with a slice of bread and jam and "Mr. Arrol's compliments, sir."

The sea is a good school for patience, and Martin awaited the result of the advertisement and of the independent inquiries he had set afoot somewhat in the mood in which he had often put to sea, while matters were left in suspense.

The servants at the flat had come to find her and she went to Brighton to find her mother. Mrs. Plessey, who had been told that her husband was about to return, was waiting for her in the train.

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As he looked up a light seemed to flicker in his dull, clouded eyes, to disappear instantly.

"I don't know you," he muttered, "but you are a very nice-looking man."

"I'm Martin Arrol," he said, "and you are to be my partner in a business."

"I'll lend you a hand with him," volunteered the sailor. He gripped Huron by his other arm and, not as gently as he might have done, assisted the steward to lead him down the stairway and along the alley-way.

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The Daily Story

Merely a Matter of Business

"I don't deny any of your claims, Rigby, but it has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to the married man a certain sense of responsibility which makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the position."

"But, Mr. Johnson," protested young Rigby, "there isn't a man on your traveling force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you give, and I would give me the chance at New York State, I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get married first! No, don't argue," interrupted Mr. Johnson as Rigby tried to interject. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk business." Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled, but his voice was firm, his general bearing decided.

"You belong to a club here in town, have apartments, wait for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theatre some, play the races a bit, eh?" Rigby nodded his head.

"Cut it out and get a wife." "But I don't know any girl who'd—" "What! almost shrews?" Mr. Johnson, "What makes you think that in all your bumping around the country you've never met a girl you would seriously consider marrying?"

Rigby's mind traveled rapidly over his list of acquaintances. He raised his head, and caught a glimpse of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No, I don't know a girl I'd care to marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry me." "Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson.

Rigby was standing up. He had forgotten the brown eyes by this time. He usually forgot girls just as easily. "But I'll tell you this much, Mr. Johnson, I don't propose to let a little thing like not having a wife stand between me and that job. I'm going to get both in side of the two weeks."

Then he met her in his life as a member of the Johnson family. Mr. Johnson, senior member of the Johnson Manufacturing Company, chuckled. He had liked Rigby from the hour the lad had started out in the Pennsylvania territory to sell Johnson shoes, but he would not vary his long-standing rule—the best jobs to the married men.

William, who had long held the New York territory, was going into business for himself, and he had left the one for which Rigby was asking.

Charley Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was thinking of the girl. When his father's money had been swept away by ill-advised investments he had cut loose from his mother's people, who had always resented her marriage to his father.

He had kept in touch with them and their social life. Naturally of gentle breeding and instincts, he had not cared for the class of girls that he met in his commercial travels, and he had a bit of his father's dreamy nature, which had kept him to the theatre and made him happy in good books.

Character was in his passion for the racetrack—it might almost be called a gambling instinct. There was the nurse who had filled him over the malaria fever, but she had told him the first day of his convalescence that she was engaged. The daughter of the biggest shoe dealer in Scranton had invited him to dinner every time he called on her father.

But she was not his girl. You never really knew her until you married her. Lots of married men had told him so. Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes and the girl who had been during Johnson's merciful catchment.

Just then Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyfully. After a few desultory remarks he inquired about the owner of brown eyes.

"You remember Darnton, who was killed in the Somerville collision last summer? Well, she's his daughter, Belle Darnton. I think her mother's folks have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her mother's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary."

"That night he walked home with Miss Browneyes. The next night he called, the third he took her to the theatre—but all the while the brown eyes never met him. And Sunday night of the following week he asked her to marry him. There was four days of grace."

"You know I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wishing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll—I'll be on the road most of the time, and your aunt could stay with you—only in a much better house and really, I'll do my best to make you happy."

The brown eyes were shooting sparks now. "I'm glad you didn't have the impertinence to tell me you loved me anyhow. There is that much to your credit," she was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't make me happy. I hate you."

WILLIAMS FACES HIS CONQUEROR AGAIN

National Tennis Champion Meets George M. Church on Clay Courts of Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, July 2.—Everything is in readiness this morning for the most interesting tennis match ever staged in this city. R. Norris Williams, 2d, American titleholder, meets George M. Church, Princeton, intercollegiate and Delaware State champion, in the final round of the clay court tennis championship of the United States.

Besides this big event which was scheduled for today, there is much interest in the women's singles, in which the chances are that Miss Molla Bjurstedt will meet Mrs. George Wightman.

The Williams-Church contest is creating a great deal of interest because of the fact that Church won when the pair met last. Williams was still fresh from his victory over Maurice E. McLaughlin at Newport for the national title last summer, when he met Church at the Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Church took the match at 6-8, 7-6, 6-5.

The contenders today are now members of the Eastern tennis team which is to compete against the Westerners at the Panama-Pacific Coast Exposition.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Club. Won. Lost. Pct. Win. Loss. Chicago 35 20 63.6 381 363 Philadelphia 33 27 55.0 357 341 St. Louis 32 28 53.3 339 311 Pittsburgh 32 28 53.3 341 311 Boston 29 34 46.0 409 453 New York 26 31 45.6 463 448 Brooklyn 26 34 43.3 409 448 Cincinnati 26 32 44.8 458 441

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Won. Lost. Pct. Win. Loss. Split. Chicago 46 21 68.7 691 376 Philadelphia 35 29 54.5 509 467 Detroit 33 27 55.0 507 483 Washington 31 28 52.5 533 517 New York 30 31 49.2 523 508 Cleveland 23 39 37.1 365 455 St. Louis 22 41 34.8 369 544 Athletics 22 42 34.4 354 533

FEDERAL LEAGUE. Club. Won. Lost. Pct. Win. Loss. St. Louis 38 20 65.4 Chicago 37 21 63.9 Kansas City 35 27 56.3 Detroit 33 29 53.1 Philadelphia 32 30 51.6 Brooklyn 30 38 44.1 Baltimore 26 39 40.0 Buffalo 24 45 34.6

Rival Bell-Hop Nines Will Cross Bats

No game between the Phillies and the Giants has aroused more enthusiasm among the bellhops than the approaching contest between the rival nines of the New York Ritz-Carlton and the Philadelphia Ritz-Carlton, which will be played here next Monday.

SMALLEY IS STAR IN GLORY CONTESTS

Central High School All-around Athlete Wins Three Firsts at Germantown Boys' Affair.

E. F. Smalley was the star of the "all-for-glory" track and field meet held under the auspices of the Germantown Boys' Club last night. He scored 15 points—winning the 50 and 220-yard dashes and running broad jump.

Joe Schwartz won the mile run. The half went to Earl Hepburn, W. W. Brown landed the quarter from Hepburn in an interesting race. M. Gesselman won in the high jump and Art Wells in the shot-put.

CLARENCE CARMAN WINS

Clever Cyclist Captures 40-mile Event With Ease.

Clarence Carman, the world's champion, showed that he was still in the form of a champion by winning the big 40-mile motor-paced race last evening at the Point Breeze Park Motordrome before another record-breaking crowd of more than 15,000 spectators.

The three-mile professional motorcycle race—won by Fred H. Yon, time 4:45 seconds. Four-mile professional motorcycle race—won by Speedy Vandenberg, Philadelphia, second, 6:00. Five-mile professional motorcycle race—won by Clarence Carman, time 6:15 seconds. Six-mile professional motorcycle race—won by Billy Armstrong, second, 7:30. Philadelphia, time, 12:20 seconds.

TOLAND IN FIGHT TONIGHT

Johnny to Battle K. O. Sweeney at Rockaway, N. Y., Club

NEW YORK, July 2.—Two attractive 10-round bouts will be featured at Brown's Far Rockaway Club tonight. In the main event Harry Stone, the Australian welterweight champion, will meet Johnny (Kid) Alberts, of Elizabeth. Stone has met and defeated the best men in Australia and Europe and was last night with a belt in Australia as an emblem of the welterweight championship of that continent.

Within the last year Alberts fought a sensational fight with Mike Gibbons, Philadelphia, and was defeated. He also boxed Packer McFarland a hard 12-round fight.

In the second 10-round affair K. O. Sweeney, the East Side middleweight, will meet Johnny Toland, the crack Philadelphia boxer, who has met the best in the country.

FEDERALS WANT SHAWKEY

Former Athletic Pitcher Refuses to Report to Yanks.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 2.—Pitcher Bob Shewkey, until recently of the Philadelphia Athletics, may wear a Federal League uniform in a few days. Shawkey, who has been ordered to report to the New York Americans, has positively refused to play with the team. He represents being shifted from team to team. Shawkey is now at his home at Sheffield, Pa. From there he stated over the telephone that the Buffalo club has made him a pleasing offer, which is now under consideration.

Athletics' Games Off

BOSTON, Mass., July 2.—Much to the disappointment of Manager Carrigan and his fans, the postponement of the double header scheduled between the Athletics and Red Sox for this afternoon. Today's postponement means that two of the games scheduled for this series will have to be played in the last trip of the Athletics to Boston.

Your Dentist a modern life-saver according to



Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

—and he ought to know. For Doctor Hutchinson is an eminent practitioner, president of the American Academy of Medicine and a writer whose humorous yet authoritative articles on health have given him nationwide popularity.

Why Good Teeth Mean Long Life

is the first of 12 complete articles by Doctor Hutchinson which will appear each week in the Public Ledger.

The first is one of his best. It will tell you a lot you didn't know about the importance of keeping your masticating machinery in good order. It will warn you of numerous serious disorders that can be traced directly to tooth trouble.

You'll enjoy every line of "Why Good Teeth Mean a Long Life." Incidentally, it may save you a heap of discomfort later on.

Look for it in the Sunday (July 4th)

PUBLIC LEADER